

**WISE
OR
OTHERWISE**

By

LYDIA LEAVITT

and

Thad. W. H. Leavitt



72

Mr & Mrs Fullerton
with the compliments of

Edith Leavitt

WISE OR OTHERWISE

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at the Department of Agriculture.*

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AUTHOR OF "BOHEMIAN SOCIETY,"
"A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD," ETC., ETC.

AND

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"KAFFIR, KANGAROO, KLONDIKE, TALES OF THE GOLD FIELDS, ETC.

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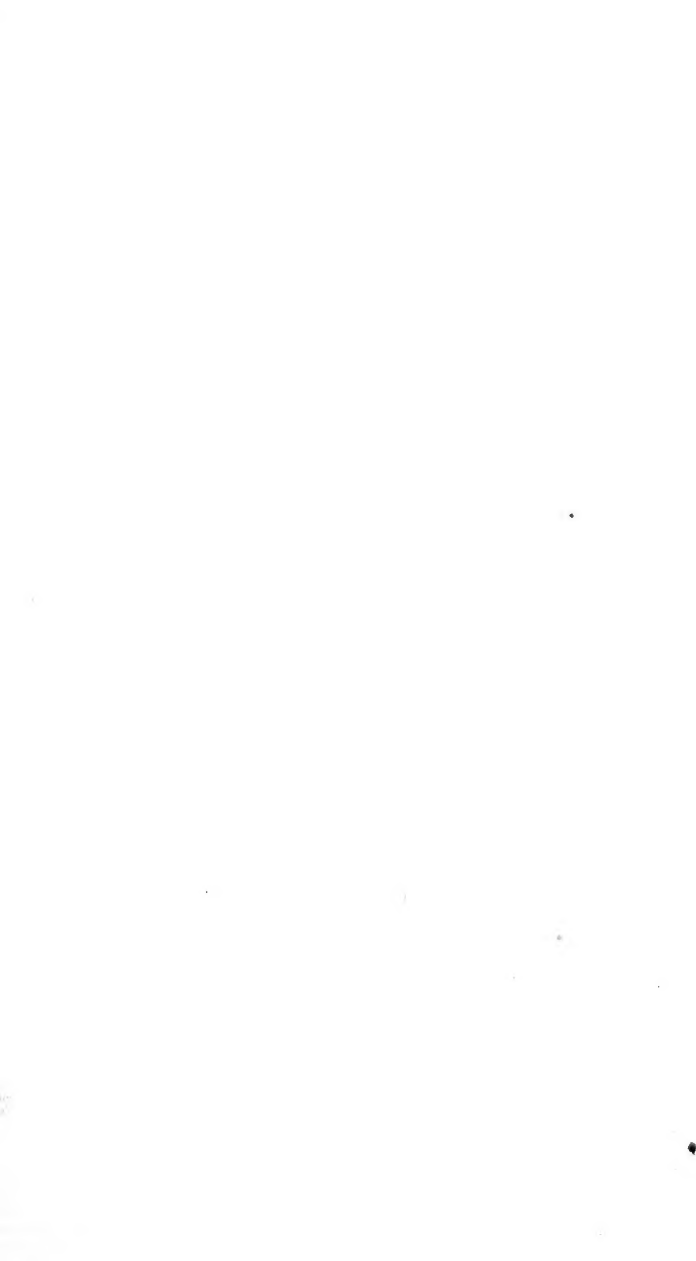
BOOK THE SECOND

ODDS AND ENDS.

PREFACE

It is probable that the reader will discover among the "Short Sayings" some familiar acquaintance and even old friend, unconsciously appropriated. Should such be the case, kindly credit to the "Wise" and leave the "Otherwise" to

THE AUTHORS.

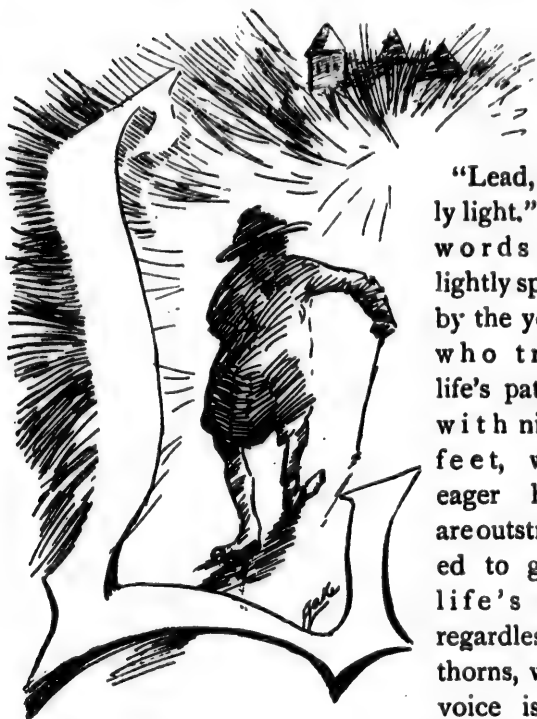


BOOK THE FIRST

BY

LYDIA LEAVITT

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT



“Lead, kindly light.” The words are lightly spoken by the young, who tread life’s pathway with nimble feet, whose eager hands are outstretched to gather life’s roses, regardless of thorns, whose voice is rip-

pling with laughter and mirth, with blood coursing through the veins and bright eyes looking fearlessly into the future ; the words have merely a joyous, musical ring. “Lead, kindly light.”

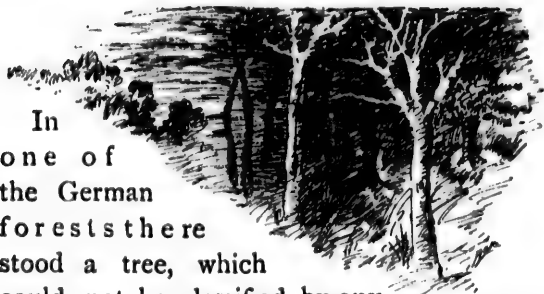
“Lead, kindly light.” The words are gravely spoken by the middle-aged, whose feet have

grown a trifle weary, whose hands have gathered the roses, only to find them turned to ashes, whose laughter has more sadness than mirth, whose eyes have grown dim, whose lips tremblingly plead, "Lead, kindly light." "Lead, kindly light." The words are whispered by the old, whose tired feet are unable to move, whose palsied hands are helpless, whose head is bowed by the weight of years, whose eyes are sightless, from whose trembling lips are scarcely heard the whispered prayer, "Lead, kindly light."

"Lead, kindly light." The sunken eyes are closed in death, the tired hands are folded, the heart has ceased to beat, the mute lips are stilled, the weary feet are at rest, a look of ineffable peace rests upon the still face, while all the air is filled with sweet music and the murmur of gentle voices pleading, "Lead, kindly light."



A FABLE



In one of the German forests there stood a tree, which could not be classified by any of the learned scientists. It was not more beautiful than many others, but there were distinctive peculiarities which no other tree possessed. Her dress was of a sadder hue than that of her companions, and the birds refused to build their nests in her branches. She was unable to understand the language of her brothers and sisters and so stood alone and unheeded in the dense forest. One morning she awakened and found standing by her side a companion tree, odd, like herself, and she said in her heart :—"I shall be no longer alone. He will understand my language and we shall hold sweet converse." But he, in his heart, was saying—"What strange tree is this? We two are unlike all our companions. I like it not." But she did not hear the murmur of discontent, and her

heart grew glad within her at the great joy that had come to her and she said in her heart :—" I will cause him to forget that we are unlike our companions ; I will sing to him my softest songs and gradually her dress of sombre green assumed a brighter hue, young buds sprang forth, her branches waved softly in the breeze and she wooed the birds by gentle voice to build their nests in her arms, and,

" In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air."

At eventide she folded them in her bosom, that their songs might not disturb the sleep of her companion, and while all the forest slept, she alone was awake and, in the silence of the night, she murmured softly, " Ich liebe Dich," and when the sun arose the birds from her arms flew through the forest, singing, " Ich liebe Dich," and all the trees took up the song ; the birds, the trees and the brooks caught up the refrain and all the great forest sang, " Ich liebe Dich, Ich liebe Dich."

So the summer passed and her heart grew sad, for she saw the discontent of her companion, but she said to herself, " When the winter comes I will shelter him from the blasts," but he said complainingly, " I would I were like the other trees ; I would like my

garments to be as those I see around me. I would my limbs were as those of my companions all through the forest." And she heard, and said to herself, "I will make his garments of brilliant green." So she sent from her own roots and branches the sap—her life blood—to enrich the roots and beautify the dress of her companion. When the cold blast of winter swept through the forest she sheltered him with her long limbs, when the snow fell she covered his head with her branches and caught the weight of snow in her own arms ; so all through the long winter she sheltered him from the blasts and the weight of snow bore heavily on her branches and at times they grew weary almost to breaking but her great heart never faltered.

So the spring came and day by day she sent from her own store of life-blood to enrich that of her companion and soon his garments assumed the most brilliant hues of all the trees in the forest ; the leaves glinted and glistened in the sunlight, and from the branches there was ever a low murmur of song ; the birds came to build their nests and rear their young in his arms ; and over all there floated a delicate perfume born of the love which she had breathed over him all the long winter. So in all the forest there was none so beautiful and stately as he.

His companion said, "Now will he be happy," but her own great heart began to beat more slowly, the life-blood of which she had given him could not be replaced, and her garments gradually assumed a sombre hue and her arms were empty, for the birds no longer nested there.

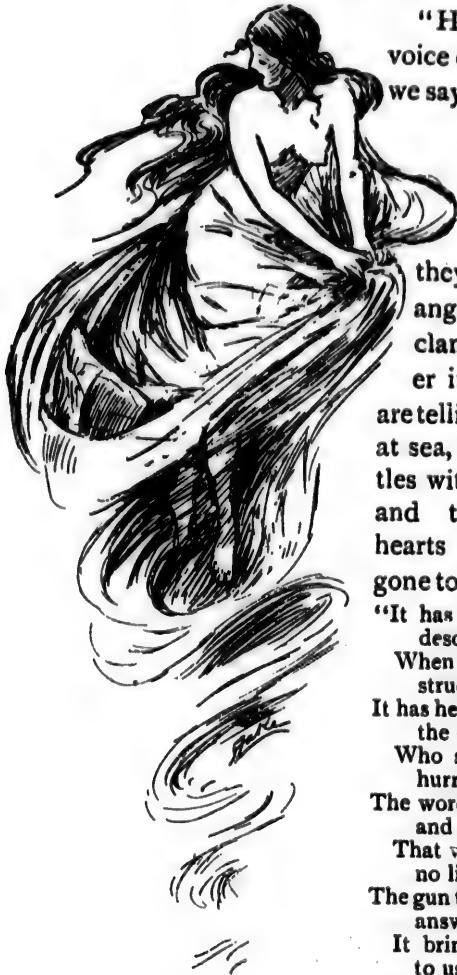
One morning she awakened and found her companion gone. He had joined the other trees in the forest; and now the limbs that had borne the weight of snow began to wither, her leaves began to fall, and when the winter came again there was no raiment to cover her.

And the woodman said,

"We will cut this tree down, it is dead."



THE WIND



"HARK to the
 voice of the wind!"
 we say, as the wind-
 ows rattle
 and house
 shakes; the
 winds as
 they shout in
 angry voices,
 clamoring loud-
 er in their fury,
 are telling of storms
 at sea, of the bat-
 tles with the ships
 and the brave
 hearts that have
 gone to their death.
 "It has been on the
 desolate ocean
 When the lightening
 struck the mast;
 It has heard the cry of
 the drowning,
 Who sank as they
 hurried past.
 The words of despair
 and anguish
 That were heard by
 no living ear;
 The gun that no signal
 answered—
 It brings them all
 to us here.
 Hark to the voice of
 the wind!"

It shakes angrily the trees whose limbs are swaying in protest against the onslaught ; it carries the leaves rustling to the ground, and in its fury uproots the giant oaks, which groan in agony as they are hurled to the ground, lying like soldiers on the field of battle.

“ Hark to the voice of the wind ! ”

Its fury is abated, and softly, like a benediction it enters the room where the weary mother is watching by the bedside of her sick child ; it gently fans the fevered head ; it touches with a caress the parched lips of the babe, and with murmur of song it lulls the child to rest.

“ Hark to the voice of the wind.”

It enters the counting room of the tired man of business, bringing a perfume of flowers : he lays down his pen, while his thoughts go back to the home of his boyhood, to the meadows, to the hillside covered with flowers, the new-mown hay, and the tired brain is refreshed, he knows not how, and the unseen messenger is gone—

“ Hark to the voice of the wind ! ”

It visits the silent City of the Dead and gently scatters the leaves over the new-made grave of a young child, sighing softly the while, the voice now rising, now falling, sobbing and moaning, and at last dies away in a

melancholy sound, like the strings of an Aeolian harp touched by unseen hands.

“Hark to the music of the wind !”

Human nature approaches the Divine in moments of great sacrifice, forgiveness and self-forgetfulness.



PASSING THOUGHTS

"It seems the fate of woman to wait in silence while men act," 'Men must work and woman must weep.'



How delightful it must be to understand one's own nature thoroughly, to know that no whirlwind will ever sweep us off the beaten track, no stormy passions stir the calm placidity of our life. But is that life? No, give me the glories of expectation, the wildest exaltation; the heart beating, the brain throbbing, the stormiest passions with force enough to carry everything before them, even if they bring deep grief—that is life."



People who deal in dry, hard facts are not interesting. They may make themselves names in the financial world, may become railway magnates and coal kings, may control the money market; but they are not interesting. They are the prose of life. They who see the clouds forming into fantastic shapes, the glories of a sunset, the shadows in pools, the colour on a bird's wing, the rose tint on the cheek of a child,—they and such as they are the poetry of life.

Man's inhumanity to man is proverbial,
woman's inhumanity to woman is diabolical.



"Society, as it exists at present moment in Colonial towns and cities, possesses neither birth, brains or breeding."



"We hear men speak so frequently of womanly women, ending their praises with, 'she is essentially womanly.' I knew one of these womanly women, whose voice was like liquid music, whose ways were gentle, whose eyes filled with tears at the recital of some tale of woe, and always about her was an air of gentle, womanly sweetness and dainty femininity. She had a friend who loved her, one whose voice was not so soft, whose manner was brusque, who was considered, "not quite good form, you know." My womanly woman allowed this friend to take upon herself the burden of a sin which she herself had committed, allowed her to bear the brunt of scorn and contumely of her world, allowed her to die without righting the great wrong. A lonely grave and a plain marble slab mark the spot where she who was "not quite good form," lies: while she, to whom she had given more than life, gathers the rose leaves with dainty grace, for she is so essentially 'womanly.'"

Life : a little joy, great sorrow, some tragedy, and the curtain falls.



Nothing can hurt so cruelly as the hand of love. The hand of hate is velvet in comparison.



There are women who consider the world well lost for the man whom they love and idealize ; while upon close acquaintance they would discover that he was not worth even the loss of a dinner.



Twelve "good men and true," will, after mature deliberation, consign a man to the gallows. Twelve women, good and true, will, without any deliberation, send a woman to death by their venomous tongues.



There are a few people who would change their individuality for that of another. We might be willing to exchange positions, to exchange all that is apparent to the eyes of the world, but our inner consciousness, our memories, our thoughts, feelings and desires ; all that is part and parcel of ourselves, we hold sacred.

Some minds are so small that a favour weighs heavily upon them.



At times one is inclined to believe that even the gods are guilty of favouritism.



Some people's lives are like a flower, the more they are crushed, the sweeter the perfume they exhale.



There are some people who look so rigidly virtuous and repellant that it is a satisfaction to feel one's self just a little bit wicked.



We look to the higher classes and to the lower for good breeding. Middle class people are proverbially ill-bred. What can equal the airs and assumptions of the retired grocer's wife, who has neither the breeding of a lady, nor the unaffected manner of the working-woman.



What a pity there is such an incessant babbling of human tongues, when the daisies by the wayside, the trees of the forest, the birds in their nests, could tell us such wondrous things if our ears were attuned to hear, but the senses are deadened by the discordant din of dismal sounds.

Love is the one power which transfigures the common things of life.



One-half of our lives is spent in making blunders, the other half in trying to rectify them.



How useless to tell many people to think, for they have nothing to think. A man reasons, a woman divines.



There are so many inconsistencies in life that at times one is appalled. Take marriage, for instance :—A young woman marries a man who is tottering on the brink of the grave ; old, blase, a worn-out roue ; but with money enough to gild and gloss the antiquated ruin. She goes before a clergyman and promises to love, honour and obey. Yes ; she loves the luxury with which she will be surrounded, the glitter of diamonds, the equipages, the great house, all the paraphernalia of wealth, but she *hates* the trembling, tottering, blear-eyed object who bought her.

The clergyman gives his blessing, society receives them with open arms, and legalized prostitution is upheld by the majesty of the law and encircled by the sanctified robes of the Church.

The ruling passion of the age : worship of self and worship of pelf.



The age of good breeding has passed ; insolence has taken its place.



A woman ceases to think of self when she looks in the face of her new-born child.



There are people who go through life as if they were going to their own funeral—and did not enjoy it.



I would rather have for a friend the most thorough-paced scamp, with a generous heart, than the most respectable, canting, whining, Pharisee.



To stand in a rarefied atmosphere on a mountain height and view the struggles of ordinary mortals below may be poetic, but it is very lonely.



A woman may defy the world for a man she loves, and imagine that he will love her for the sacrifice, but no greater mistake can be made. Men are not so constituted. When he sees her standing alone, dishonored, a mark for the finger of scorn, her charm for him is forever lost.

Realism is the grave of love.



A woman's smile is two edged.



Life is too short to prepare a soul for eternity



A great love is only inspired by a great nature.



It is as wise to cultivate forgetfulness as memory.



Society, a haven for fools ; literature and art for brains.



Many people have courage to face anything but themselves.



A woman is always in love, either with herself or with love.



Two things in life man regards with esteem : himself and his pipe.



Truth and sincerity are only found in the face of a child and the eyes of a dog.



A young face and an old heart are sorry companions, but an old face and a young heart are sorrier still.

What people will 'say' is the bugbear of small minds.



Love would cease to exist were it not for the gift of idealizing.



A fly is but a small thing, yet it can disturb the greatest philosopher.



Is a new soul created at every birth, or are we merely corpses warmed over?



Kind words and a sympathetic handclasp have done more to reclaim lost souls than all the tracts ever published.



A minute is a short duration of time, yet in that interval one may experience the whole gamut of human emotions.



If the world valued us as we value ourselves the heavens would not be sufficiently large whereon to inscribe our greatness.



What becomes of the characters who play an important part in fiction; the strong, brave, true fiction-people, whom we love as we read? Is there no place for them in the world peopled by shadows?

There are men who will accept any and every sacrifice from a woman and after making her a wreck, socially and morally, will say to her, "I fear that I am injuring you, so I will sacrifice myself and deny myself the pleasure of your society." Such men would sneak into heaven by a side entrance.



Fate, in a sportive mood, performs some wonderful acrobatic feats with human nature ; gives love of oriental luxury to the woman with nothing a year ; appreciation of all that is beautiful and artistic, to the ploughman ; an epicurian taste to the starving mechanic ; while to the woman rolling in wealth is given the manners and tastes of the fish-wife ; to the multi-millionaire the habits of the canaille, and fate laughs with glee over the fantastic, incongruous muddle of the thing called Life.



BOOK THE SECOND

BY

THAD. W. H. LEAVITT



ODDS AND ENDS

Man's greatest enemy is himself.



Never chide fate while will sleeps.



The prophet must know the past.



Foul words kill the sweetest flowers.



Repentant tears are the soul's pearls.



Common customs are not nature's laws.



No man blesses the calm until after the storm.



Much study makes a full head and an empty stomach.



You cannot fan the ashes of a dead love into a flame.



Innocence, like a beautiful dying day, goes out with a purple blush.



To steer the true course, one must not only see the star but have a pilot.



It is easier to remove a mountain than to wash out a spot on a woman's reputation.

The marble heart has valves of flint.



Women covet satin, as men covet gold.



The garments of virtue are of spun gold.



When law is blind examine your own heart.



Valour in defence of wrong becomes a crime.



Man ceases to be a man when his passions die.



Trembling patience is better than proud evil.



Malice and ignorance constantly itch for trouble.



Life is not a funeral dole but a living present.



He honours the state who refuses to commit a wrong.



Opportunities, like pretty maids, should be embraced.



Man's injustice to man shall not be an eternal stain.

Defeat may be more glorious than victory.



Venom is the juice of a toad tainting the sweet air.



You have but to sow the seeds of malice to reap a crop of grief.



Men who would face a cannon, tremble before a golden calf.



There is no music for man so sweet as that set upon a woman's tongue.



I never could understand why doleful songs should herald a joyous hereafter.



If you keep your eyes fixed upon the stars you will fall into the first mill pond.



You are told, "That if you violate a sacrament of the church you will howl in hell for it." You know that if you violate nature's laws you will howl here.



While poverty spins threads of gold with which to weave a garment to cover her nakedness, the plutocrat melts the threads into sovereigns for his own use.

Every yellow stream is not the Tiber.



The wise man dreads, not noise, but eternal silence.



Loud complaints may be only vents for little ills.



It is not enough to conceive a truth, we must act.



When one is bereft of hope the last sorrow has arrived.



The woman who loves not flattery has yet to be born.



This must be a golden age—everybody is running after it.



Beauty is the recompense given to women for her weakness.



Some sins squeak like a snared rabbit—others roar like a lion.



An immaculate reputation may hide a multitude of black lies.



Angels walk on threads of gold from heaven to earth. These threads are only spun in the loom of the human heart.

Abject spirits creep—men walk.



A small hole is a cavern to a mole.



A kiss hangs not long on a pretty lip.



You cannot rear a new babe on old milk.



A man may woo a dove and marry a screech owl.



Satire is a javelin which pierces the thickest skin.



A mist may hide the sun but it does not blot it out.



Some women prefer a great infamy to a little honour.



Regard not the manner of your death but your daily life



A churlish silence is harder to endure than a sharp tongue.



The man who gives away his freedom is everlastingly bankrupt.



The rubbish from men's tongues is hoarded while nature speaks unheard.

Human misery is not a volunteer.



Mirth's best nursery is contentment.



Men fly, women melt into a passion.



Prejudice is the marrow of superstition.



Better a crust of bread than a funeral elegy.



Woman's first fault is no excuse for man's last.



Kind words are honey drops to the tired soul.



A bad tongue is not the clapper of a good heart.



Crossed love is forgotten—crossed opinions, never.



Distrust but do not refuse an untried remedy.



Hope is the only flavour for a diet of adversity.



He is near to happiness who makes another smile.

Greed is swifter than a greyhound.



Results give the lie to many boasts.



Nothing beslimes like a fawning tongue.



The smallest pirates fly the blackest flags.



The coming tempest is no less a great wind.



Better a bleeding wound than pent up agony.



Gigantic robberies are nevertheless robberies.



Every furrow in the brow represents a drag-tooth of care.



A tempestuous petticoat is more bewitching than a satin gown.



For the light of beauty men go down into the darkest pits.



The smart of the lash soon dies—the memory of it never.



The meaner a man is, the meaner he not only feels but looks.

The greenest turf covers the blackest soil'



Only an earthquake can shake a selfish soul.



One woman-wolf is more to be dreaded
than a den of lions.



There are women whose smile is poison,
whose touch is death.



Bequeath your good deeds to memory, your
bad deeds to oblivion.



Pity, as soft as feathered flakes of snow,
whitens all it falls upon.



If we peep behind a curtain we may see
the ghost of our own hopes grinning at us.



The albatross, like a great soul, remains
aloft without the flutter of a feather.



My sovereign hope is the innate desire of
the human heart that justice be done.



Love is as much higher than justice as is
the tallest mountain above an ant hill.



The people have so often been beguiled
that now they refuse to believe the truth.

Why is it that down hill is always greased ?

A stain upon a woman's honour is indelible.

Insolence is brutal—arrogance, intolerable.

The seeds of ill grow best in the most sterile soil.

A heart pickled in gall cannot be called a sweetmeat.

The promise of eternal sleep is not sweet to a live man.

The most worthless woman is bought at the highest price.

A man can put away his wife but he cannot divorce a memory.

Many of our good intentions are so feeble, that like snow flakes, they melt as they come.

The earth is a fertile womb bringing forth fruits for all. A few men claim they are God's first sons and take the crop.

There are women who breath forth intoxicating perfumes. The man who inhales them is in danger of great good or of great evil.

Nature, unheard, performs her greatest deeds.



Ingratitude is a tree whose fruit poisons the very air.



Many could make lye out of the cold ashes of their hopes.



Gather the blossoms daily—the frost may come at night.



Plant no flowers on the graves of those we have neglected in life.



Some men are not content so long as an unfinished crime remains.



Some men prefer the drudgery of the devil to the sleep of innocence.



Women are tempted to taste a little evil, just to know what it is like.



Every life leads up to a precipice, over which a few jump, the others tumble in and are lost.



We know that death is ever marching behind us but we never name the day when he will catch up.

To hunt for mischief is to catch disaster.



Even a sigh trembles through the universe.



Nature must love woman to fashion her so beautiful.



The chain of some men's fate must be made of adamant.



Revere the dust—it was the men and women of long ago.



The keenest blade in South Africa is made from Ralph iron.



He believed her an angel—married and found her only a woman.



A curled knot of snakes is not as deadly as the signature to a mortgage.



In London they no longer say, "Lend me your purse—but your name."



A painter's description of matrimony—
 Introduction : the background.
 Courtship : the middle ground.
 Engagement : the foreground.
 Marriage : the nude subject.

Kruger is the epitome of obsolete ideas and living force.



A bleating lamb in a great city is in greater danger than in the darkest wood.



There be three birds.

One lives only in the highest altitudes.

This bird is Truth,

One lives on the plain.

This bird is Expediency.

One lives in the mire.

This bird is Subserviency.

He who writes with a feather plucked from the wing of the first bird will not be listened to for ages to come.

He who writes with a feather plucked from the wing of the second bird will receive the plaudits of the people.

He who writes with a feather plucked from the wing of the third bird will be worshipped by the mob.



Not gold, not broad acres, not vast power, not blazoned titles, not eloquence, but truth is the lever which moves the world.



When Europe completes the process of Christianizing China that nation will have disappeared from the map.

The truth-seeker never digs in the columns of the political newspaper.



A money shaver with a conscience would soon be poorer than his clients.



I have read of the dog-like affection of woman—I have seen their cat-like characteristics.



Bread snatched from the poor becomes a stone in the rich man's belly. He has only to eat his fill to sink.



What a gas lamp is to a moth, the same is a rose diamond to a woman—neither see the danger till they are dead.



In olden times Sodom and Gomorrah swallowed up the wicked. In modern times Chicago swallows up the good.



Chinaman's soliloquy. "First come missionary, big prayers, little book. Singee 'Peace on earth and good willee to all men.' Russian Bear swallow Manchuria, French Eagle strippe off Yellow Jacket, Bille Emperor stealee Peacock Feather, English Lion grabbe Pig Tail. Damme, hungry lion want everything."

Slander is more subtle than any microbe.



You cannot squander ten thousand a year and then balance the account by thrusting a stale bun, dipped in charity soup, into a beggar's hand.



Lolling on a velvet cushion in a fashionable church will not be a valid answer when you meet the poor girl 'beyond' whom you ground down to make trousers for twenty cents a pair. You didn't do it? You wore the trousers, it's all the same.



A cynic's description of the honeymoon—
 Kisses allopathic.
 Kisses homeopathic.
 The cold douche.
 Hot mustard plasters.



A lawyer's description of matrimony in the United States—
 Court—Appeal.
 The suit filed.
 Rival—an interpleader.
 Marriage. Judgement given.
 Household expenses. Costs.
 Family jars. Proceedings for alimony.
 Final hearing. Divorce absolute.
 Quit claim. Deed to another man.

The sea-side resorts attract many queer fish.



The politician is what the people make him.



The child which cries for bread is a menace to the state.



Infamy may rise to such a height as to become famous.



More women have been killed by innuendo than by hard work.



To the small boy a circus is more alluring than the Psalms of Solomon.



Eternity is an endless chain whose links are youth, old age and decay.



The shark turns on his back to devour his prey—the hypocrite prays that he may devour.



The money lender should provide himself with an asbestos overcoat when he leaves this world.



Every girl in store or office means a man without employment. Every man without employment is a man incapable of supporting a wife. Do you see the inevitable result?

Laughter is the doctor's deadliest enemy.



Praise is the cheapest coin but more potent than gold.



If all men were brothers nations would cease to exist.



Years are required to make a brutal man—hours, a woman.



We praise God for our victories. What does the other fellow do?



Patriotism is but another name for, 'love yourself and hate your neighbors.'



If churches were made as attractive as gin palaces, the former, not the latter, would be open six days in the week.



When you get there, you will find that Eternal Justice is not built on the departmental store system. Some pale-faced girl will offer the evidence.



Once Pity and Charity perched on every cloistered gate and cried, 'welcome.' Now they only venture forth on public occasions, when they will be seen of all men.

The cat's serenade gives tone to the back yard.



Mental problem. Suicide or side-tracked. Which?



The laugh of a child is sweeter to God than a forty minute prayer.



The Klondike is as alluring as a pretty woman and equally as freakish.



The greatness of the Yukon is only surpassed by the greatness of its liars.



Innocence is a rose bud with a worm outside waiting to gnaw a hole in it.



A blood-sucker on a boy's toe looks bigger to him than a sea-serpent to a man.



An Easter bonnet is more satisfying to a woman than the most eloquent sermon.



The witch doctor taboos a banana tree, the parson the joyous dance. Both are bigots.



The nigger who has learned to drink rum does not regard civilization as an unmixed blessing.

The beautiful is eternal.



An epitaph. "He went North and found his grave."



The cold marble becomes a living flame under the hands of the sculptor.



We cannot turn water into wine but some men come very near turning wine into water.



The coral shell stores up the glorious tints of the sun's rays—the thoughtful man the words of the wise.



A returned Klondiker with gold very much resembles charity—frequently read of, seldom seen.



Whence comes eternal truths? They are written in the rocks, they are breathed out of the soft, South wind ; they are painted in the sunset, they speak in the flowers and the tiny blade of grass, they twinkle in distant stars. Ages go by and yet man grasps but one, here and there. They are messengers to every man, gifted or untaught. He who seizes but one and embalms it has done a greater service to mankind than the mightiest king.

Prohibition is a frozen dream, real life a red-hot time.



Inquisitiveness is but another name for the Auditor General.



Capital account is a cavern wherein politicians hide their sins.



The summer girl, in the biggest wind, is never blown away from a man.



The editor writes most charmingly of country life in his easiest chair.



Church choirs are always at sixes and sevens. One day of harmony and six of discord.



A young widow's sorrow for her husband is a phantom minnow—looks genuine but hides the hook.



While the bankrupt tradesman rides in his carriage, his honest competitor is in the back yard sawing wood.



The uglier a woman's face, the nearer to her chin is the hem of her bathing skirt, no doubt to hide her blushes.

'The French are steadfast of purpose.
What purpose?
Changing the Ministry !



ENGLISH POET IN THE SOUDAN,—“ We
are carrying ‘Sweetness and light’ into dark-
est Africa!”

TOMMY,—“ Yes, we let the light in with the
Lee-Metford and the Egyptian tax-collector
will sweeten these coves later on.”



MAYOR OF NEW YORK,—“ We must re-
turn the ‘Torch of Liberty’ by the first
French steamer.”

“ What for ?”

“ To dispel the Dreyfus gloom.”



IRATE MOTHER-IN-LAW (to son-in-law
about to marry second wife),—“ Is this the
way you treat my daughter, lying in the dark
grave ?”

“ Only striking a match to see into it.”



Out of the loins of pride and avarice comes
the innocent child. Why is this ? It cannot
be chance. It means something. When we
discover what that something is we shall re-
main innocent.

Greed grasps while poverty gasps.



The agony of despair breeds the monster,
'Human Hate.'



The man who refuses to lend to the Lord
distrusts the security.



The blood of the pauper shall smear the
couch of the indolent.



The sweat of the poor, frozen into gold,
gilds the rich man's purse.



The time must come when the dragon's
teeth, sown by the rich, will bring forth a
harvest of cold steel.



Mother in the kitchen at the wash tub.
Daughter in the parlor at the piano. Quite
proper ; its a case of rub-a-dub-dub.



Why came we here ? By blind chance or
design ? The books are full of guesses, half-
truths and lies. We only know that we are
here. From whence we came and whither
we go is the problem. Being here, our high-
est endeavors should be to do some little
good. Then close our eyes and wait for the
answer. We can find it in no other way.

Man and misery are not twins but father and son.



The woman to whom temptation never came cannot be said to be virtuous.



The blast of the golden bugle shall not always drown the wail of the poor.



When faults lie thick and die, the crop of good deeds to follow will be the greater.



A priest at ten thousand a year is a monument erected over the grave of Christianity.



The cry of the child for bread reaches further into the universe than peans sung to kings.



When Eve was created nature must have cried 'no,' for ever since woman has continued to repeat the word.



The rich go about the world on stilts, lest the poor should touch the hems of their garments. They are so so high in the air that they gather no perfume from the wild flowers blooming by the wayside.

The hand of Justice has lost its thumb and forefinger.



Vulgar speech is a drop of filth from a rotten heart.



A fly never sees the window pane until his bruised nose bleeds.



The greatest kindness is that which we are not compelled to remember.



My aspirations are cut out with a broad sword. My results with a pen knife.



The mathematician can measure a world, yet he cannot weigh the secret thing which stirs a poet's heart.



Man has waited for ages for heaven to help him. Heaven has waited equally long for man to help himself.



Slaves are bound with fetters of steel—poor men with fetters of law. One corrodes with age, the other is perpetually renewed.



The devil fish of the sea claws his victim, then sinks to the bottom. The devil fish of the land claws his, then rises to the top.

Want issues from the womb of greed.



Justice will be done when greed dies.



Sympathy is the sheet-anchor of the Ship of Life.



One tear is more potent for good than a thousand laws.



Charity, though white of plumage, is born of black parents.



The avenger strikes down one evil and creates a thousand.



Universal love is but another name for universal happiness.



Life without hope is death without a grave wherein to find rest.



A man is not only responsible for his acts, but for their influence.



To know, and not to do is vile—to do and not to know, an accident.



The white flowers of sympathy shall yet bloom over graves in which the rich rot.

Luxury lulls—poverty dulls.



A fat priest and a poor flock.



The hooked fish has an open mouth.



The money lender loves a close shave.



Preachers and brokers, alike, deal in future options.



Humility is sweet but its path is strewn with bitter herbs.



The change for which every woman prays
—a change of name.



Passengers inside the coach 'Prosperity,'
never see the galled steeds.



The knout pinches the slave's back. The
combine, the free man's belly.



The ball dress is diplomatic, in that it re-
veals what it pretends to conceal.



There is colour in the statement that one
nigger in a missionary report throws a shadow
greater than ten white men.

Vile thoughts only bloom on the dung-hills
of depravity.



Coarseness is as akin to vice as the flame
to the candle.



Indolence lolls in luxury while energy goes
hungry to bed.



Toil with recompense is sweeter than
recompense without toil.



' Is the African heathen more precious than
a sick child in a London garret ?



The ashes of a bad woman cannot be
cleansed with the waters of an ocean.



She who walks the street by night is an out-
cast. She who seduces a Prince may die a
Queen.



Princes on sale for gold, women for titles,
virtue for bread, statesmen for place, and
priests for salary.



Monopoly. A whip in the hands of
plutocrats, which bites the backs of men and
saddens the hearts of women.

No soul can remain stagnant.



A gossip scatters more ills than a pestilence.



'Tis useless to kill the serpent after she has laid her eggs.



The poison on the fang cannot injure till the snake strikes.



When the unctious priest wants to borrow he cries, 'Lend to the Lord.'



We should not blot out the sun because its rays will hatch the eggs of a serpent.



The lion of the jungle seizes his prey by night. The lion of the city by day ; one is stripped to the bone, the other to the shirt.



Birds are charmed by snakes, women by beasts in human form. The glitter of the eye subdues the one, the glitter of gold, the other.



Over the grave of each child which dies in the slums should stand a tablet inscribed,
 "Died for want of sunlight and pure air."
 "Who stole the land?"

One tyrant dies that two may be born.



A wise man prefers virgin soil to a cultivated widow.



The bone of contention is never covered with sweet meat.



The woman is most lost who forgets her babe for the ball.



Self-righteousness can walk so straight that it leans backwards.



More women are drowned 'in the swim' than in mill ponds.



When death knocks at the door the servant answers, 'Not at home.'



A winged Cupid without a feather can soar higher than the pinioned eagle.



He who seeks for spiritual rest in dogma will find only a bottomless pit.



A wish from the heart travels beyond the blare of the loudest trumpet.



It is better to lavish your affections upon a faithful dog than upon an unfaithful friend.

The poor man craves for bread—not logic.



A woman without love is a tree without sap.



The plutocrats, like the Jews, thrive on
curses



Good advice is an atom ; good deeds the
universe.



The beautiful seraph makes the most dan-
gerous fiend.



The ghost of poverty is more dreadful than
poverty itself.



A religion of details is a fruit tree which
produces only blossoms.



Each grain in the universe is a unit, re-
move but one and chaos will follow.



Hills sunlit with promise are easier to
traverse than the level road upon which hope
died.



It is as easy for the poor man to pluck
money from the rich as for the missionary to
pick the pocket's of a naked savage.

A tainted heart soils the sweetest lip.



Exchange the virus of hate for the antidote,
love.



A woman prefers a fervent lover to a cold
husband.



A fickle woman may conquer the most
constant soldier.



The begrimed soul cannot be hidden with
a white-wash brush.



Our efforts should be to harmonize, not
simply to change.



The most precious gem is found in the
most worthless sand.



The Senate joined to the Commons is an
impotent man wedded to a vigorous maid.



The bombastic egotist floats on the crest of
prosperity while the philosopher starves in
his tub.



The priest counsels men in the sterile
present to feed upon a pregnant future. To-
morrow's dinner never yet fed a hungry man.

All the good in a human heart can never die.



You cannot denude a woman of her masked thoughts.



Diplomacy is cultivated in men and bred in women.



He who would pluck contentment must abandon force.



To console a widow is more agreeable than to court a maid.



The man who stains the purity of a woman tarnishes his own soul.



It is difficult to distinguish the fleshy lie from the ghostly truth.



The private ownership of land is crystalized in the question "Is the unborn child an heir or a bastard?"



Love of the artistic does not account for the crookedness of men, though the curve is the only true line of beauty.

Sly women walk where blunt men fall.



The stench of corruption is fragrant to the lobbyist.



A shrivelled soul may hide in a bishop's paunch.



A slippery friend is more dangerous than thin ice.



The kangaroo and the miser carry all they love in a pouch.



You cannot staunch a bleeding wound with a memory or a promise.



Marriage is a covenant which few women refuse and many revoke.



Emotion in woman is the locomotive—wisdom, the cow-catcher.



A misfit policy is as dangerous to a statesman as a misfit dress to a woman.



The sting of a bee is not the less to be dreaded because the bee makes honey.



Creed is as akin to righteousness as a 'bucket shop' to the kingdom of heaven.

An act cannot die.

To exist is not to live.

Degeneracy is born of many parents.

The rich man gives advice, the poor man bread.

Happiness is now a theory, I would make it a fact.

The statute of limitation runs not against evil deeds.

The quickest cure for a passionate longing is a cold woman.

Through lapse of time the few claim the inheritance of the many.

The cause of truth will not triumph so long as it is intrusted to fools.

If the weakness of the present industrial system were realized it would cease to be dangerous.

Snakes eggs are hatched by the sun.
Misers eggs—gold—by labor. Young snakes hiss at their mother, misers at men.

The charitable heart hath an empty pocket.



The cry of the poor is an eternal remonstrance.



The ocean of hope springs from a single drop of sympathy.



The old-time robber was the father of the new time financier.



Injustice sleeps in a bed of roses which rests on a bed of thorns.



The lamb 'love' and the wolf 'hate' tarry not long in the same pen.



A feather from the wing of truth is of more weight than a mountain of lies.



Only the key sympathy can unlock the sacred chamber hidden in every heart.



The bloodless wreath of love is stronger than a tyrant's chain. The one shall yet bind the world, the other be broken by a simple wish.



